

MAXWELL CAPTURED.

Walter Lennox Maxwell, the supposed murderer of C. Arthur Preller, at St. Louis, captured on arrival at Auckland, New Zealand.

St. Louis, Mo., May 6.—At two o'clock this morning the following cablegram was received at police headquarters:

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, May 6. To Chief of Police, St. Louis, Mo., United States of America. Maxwell arrested yesterday. Has counsel. Disposed to give trouble. Best officer on requisition. (Send) sworn deposition per Bremer; will advise state department; cable (name of) officer sailing.

GAMBLE, Consul.

Steps will be immediately taken to obtain the necessary extradition papers, and as this must be accompanied by a good deal of red-tape correspondence, several days will probably elapse before Detective Tracy starts on his long journey to Auckland. The meantime the British government will be asked by Uncle Sam to hold the prisoner, and not let the counsel referred to in the cablegram get him released on a writ of habeas corpus.

ANOTHER BATTLE.

Engagement of a Flying Column Under Colonel Otter with Poundmaker's Indians in the Northwest Territory—The Casualties.

WINNIPEG, MAN., May 6.—A dispatch from Battleford just received says: A flying column under command of Colonel Otter, numbering about 300, comprising the mounted police under Herchmer, men from the "Queen's Own" Rifles, B Battery, the Ottawa Foot Guards and C Company, besides the mounted volunteers from Battleford, had an engagement with Poundmaker's forces on their reserve, the Indians numbering 600. The fight lasted from five o'clock in the morning until noon, and was most hotly contested throughout. The loss on Otter's side was eight killed and twelve wounded. The Indian loss is estimated at fifty.

Following is a list of the killed: Corporal Laurie, Corporal Sleight, Bugler Burke, Private Second, Private Rogers, Private Dobbis and Bugler Faulkner. The following were wounded: Sergeant Ward, Lieutenant Peetler, Sergeant Gaffney, Corporal, Martin, Gagner, Reynolds, Sergeant-Major Jackson, Color-Sergeant Winter, Private McGuiken, Sergeant Cooper, Private Watts and Mr. Gilbert. Otter's column made a magnificent march. They covered over thirty-five miles, fought the battle and returned to Battleford, all inside of thirty hours.

COSTLY INCENDIARISM.

Destructive Conflagration Among the Best Business Houses of Vincennes, Ind.—List of the Principal Losses—Incendiarianism Suspected.

EVANSVILLE, IND., May 5, 2:30 a. m.—The Courier's Vincennes (Ind.) special says: One of the best blocks in the business quarters of Vincennes is in ashes. The fire is thought to have originated in a warehouse in the rear of Green's Opera-house, and many believe it to have been incendiary origin. The alarm was sounded at nine o'clock, an hour at which many had retired, and the streets were comparatively deserted. The buildings destroyed, together with losses and insurance, so far as can be gathered at this writing, are as follows:

Green's Opera-house, owned by William Green, valued at \$25,000, and insured for \$12,500.

Smith & Co.'s drug-store. Loss, \$2,300; insured for \$1,500.

L. Johnson, agricultural implements warehouse, in the rear of Green's Opera-house, containing \$12,000 worth of machinery belonging to Johnson and \$5,000 worth belonging to the Champion Machine Company. Most of the machinery was removed and the loss is estimated at between \$1,000 and \$2,000.

G. L. Bailey, warehouse adjoining; loss, \$10,000 to \$12,000; insured for \$6,000.

In the same block, facing on Broadway, a building belonging to Heistro and W. J. Wise, valued at \$700; insured for \$350.

Williams & Wilhelm, lawyers in Opera-house block, books valued at \$300.

J. W. Green, grain dealer, same block; loss, \$500.

J. W. Green, grain dealer, same block; loss, \$1,000; insurance, \$3,200.

Garrison's poultry warehouse in the building belonging to C. A. Weiserts; loss, \$4,000.

Don Kitchin, grocer, Opera-house building; loss, \$8,000; insured for \$2,000.

The post-office, belonging to Moss & Watson; loss, \$1,000; fully insured. The stamps and valuable papers were saved.

Victor Geese, bakery and confectionery; loss, \$1,500; partially insured.

Speigle, Gardner & Co., furniture dealers; loss, \$5,000; fully insured.

Three frame houses, owned by Fred Groetzer, proprietor of the Grand Hotel; loss, \$1,000; partially insured.

Pat Callahan's saloon, the Odd Fellows' Hall were damaged \$2,500, and a large number of other buildings were badly scorched.

The wheat in Emison Bros.' Atlas Mills was badly damaged by water. The Baltimore & Ohio Western Union main offices were burned out, as was the office and wharf-hoist warehouse of the Vincennes steamboat line. Loss on the latter, \$4,000; insurance, \$2,000.

The foregoing represents only a partial list of the losses. The names of the owners and amounts can not be ascertained. At this hour (3 a. m.) the fire is still burning, though under control, and citizens are still greatly alarmed. The whole town is in the greatest confusion.

John Holmes, a cooper, assisting the firemen, entered the Opera-house, and when he reached the third floor was overcome by smoke, and was with difficulty rescued.

Mysteriously Missing.

Chicago, Ill., May 5.—Charles A. Libby, partner in the extensive shirt and collar manufacturing house of James E. Libby & Co., of New York, and general manager of its Western department, with headquarters in this city, has been missing since Monday last week, and Pinkerton detectives throughout the country are searching for some clue to his whereabouts. He left the store on the afternoon of the day in question, saying he would soon return, and has not since been seen by his acquaintances. He is thirty-five years of age.

A Close-Mouthed Witness.

METROPOLIS, ILL., May 5.—F. M. Cheat, Cashier of the First National Bank, and a wealthy citizen, was sent to jail yesterday and fined \$1,000 for contempt of court. The contempt consists in a persistent refusal to reveal certain testimony as a witness in a murder case wherein a relative was on trial for killing John W. Trumbo last night. Soon after the tragedy, Allen Choate, John Martin and Frank McGinn were arrested, charged with Trumbo's murder. Banker Choate is in possession of certain information which he claims was obtained under a seal of secrecy, and which he declines to yield.

A DISCREDITABLE HABIT.

Recommendations for Office Easily Procured and Generally Worthless.

President Cleveland's severe criticism on the facility with which the signatures of prominent persons are secured to the petitions for applicants for office will, we hope, tend to remedy a habit that is misleading and discreditable. We say habit, because signatures to petitions of this character are given generally without reflection and as if the giving of them was only a matter of form, rather than from any disposition to trifle with the appointive power. It appears ungracious to most citizens to refuse a signature that involves only a barren recommendation, and so it has come to pass that a "numerosity signed" petition for office is a very easy thing to secure, requiring only the energy necessary for its circulation, and is generally regarded as amounting to nothing when it is obtained. This way of looking at such recommendations may furnish some excuse for those who carelessly sign such documents, but it does not prevent the misleading consequences of their acts. All officials from the President down, who are charged with the power of appointment, are necessarily compelled to place some reliance on the written recommendations of applicants and they have a right to presume that the signers thereto testify to the truth and of their personal knowledge. And yet in many, we really think, in most cases, the signers do not testify to the truth, nor are the statements in the petition in accordance with their personal knowledge. There is no intention, probably, to falsify or mislead, but there is a carelessness, a want of moral cowardice which will not permit a refusal of a signature, although the applicant is known to be unworthy, either of which deserves to be stigmatized as political dishonesty. If the report is true that President Cleveland has appointed a South Carolina Republican to be Consul-General at Melbourne and that the petition of the applicant contained the names of Democratic Senators and other distinguished party colleagues of the President, the fact would be a forcible illustration of the incongruous recommendations too often embraced in such petitions. Whether such an appointment was made with a full knowledge of the facts, or whether it will not alter the case so far as the distinguished Democrats who recommended the man are concerned. They got what they asked for, and if they do not like it they must lay the blame on their own want of moral rectitude in signing petitions for office. Without, however, placing much reliance in the story about this particular appointment, it is evident, from the President's statements in connection with the Postmaster's appointment at Rome, N. Y., that he has been confused and worried by unmeaning recommendations, and that he does not pay as much attention to petitions and the names signed thereto as he ought to. Generally speaking, what he has said of the subject is known in every State in the Union to be true; and if it induces citizens of influence and standing to be somewhat more careful in granting their signatures to petitions, a useful result will have been set on foot. All that is required is that recommendations shall be based upon personal knowledge of the applicants or other thoroughly reliable information, and that the petitions of unworthy or unfit persons shall not bear endorsements calculated to deceive or mislead the official to whom they are addressed.—St. Louis Republican.

THE WOES OF A PRESIDENT.

An Attempt to Crush Mr. Cleveland with Indiana Poetry and Bad Puns.

A dark plot to destroy the peace of mind of President Cleveland has been unearthed at Washington, and it may furnish Republican journals with fresh material for their elaborate arguments against the continuance of Democratic harmony. We regret to find that Vice-President Hendricks was the culprit on this occasion. One of his constituents from the Hoosier State called upon him, armed to the teeth with a formidable allegorical essay, prose and poetry. On the Independent Conflict of Public Sentiment, the poetical composition contained forty pages of foolscap paper, and after its deadly nature was amply demonstrated by the reading of seven pages, the heartless Hendricks sent his edition of the Indiana machine to the White House. Fortunately the doorkeeper intercepted it before it could reach the President and the head of the Nation was saved. Where office-seekers failed this Indiana essay was not the case. It had a most telling effect on the Presidential mind, and would have been something to cause to contemplate. Another species of warfare indulged in against the President is saddling upon him the responsibility of certain atrocious puns, which would indicate softening of the brain, and which the real authors were ashamed to acknowledge. We earnestly protest against such attacks. Let the President hear the truth of the matter upon his appointments, his policy and his official utterances, but do not try to crush him with Indiana poetry and bad puns. Then his relentless enemies have chartered an old lady, who has been heard to utter the most terrible words of the White House in order to have what she calls a "long, motherly talk with the President," for the purpose of telling him how to run the various branches of the government, which would indicate a complete lack of vigilance on the part of Colonel Lamont to watch over the chief at this particular season, for it is impossible to say what the next move of his active foes may be. The spring poem is abundant and if we were to gain admittance to the White House there is no knowing what might happen. The action of Mr. Hendricks shows how pressing the danger is, and the necessity of providing against it. Here is a toothsome morsel for the New York Tribune and its journalistic pack to roll over on their tongues: This proves what they have been so long endeavoring to show, that there is a deep-seated conspiracy against the peace of the Administration, and that the Vice-President is at the bottom of it. We may expect to read the most startling theories on Indiana poetry and the present agency in disturbing the peace of the Administration, and leading the country back to the beneficent rule of the Republican party. Suppose the President had been compelled to listen to his civil-service rules, set before him in wild and terrible words, might be tempted to discard them and throw himself into the waiting arms of the spoilsmen. Mr. Hendricks should explain why he made this dark attempt to destroy the harmony and peace of mind that prevails at the White House before the Tribune and other Republican organs build up a structure of ingenious deductions on it. It was a cruel mode of attack and deserves severe rebuke.—Albany Argus.

BUSINESS IN ARREARS.

A Manifest Duty on the Part of the New Administration.

Owing to the incompetency of officials and their attention to politics rather than to their duties, a vast amount of business was in arrears in all the departments in Washington when the present Administration came into power. The shameless neglect visible in every bureau rendered the task of each new chief an arduous one, as it was necessary to clear away the accumulations of years before striking a clean balance sheet. Hence orders were given to enforce diligence and full time from every clerk, and for the first time the Government is getting the worth of its money out of many employees who were long noted for being more ornaments than useful. The rules which govern prudently-conducted mercantile establishments, in which time is regarded as money and employees are obliged to do the exact amount of work which they are engaged for, have been put in operation in the Government offices. The President has said that the people have a right to demand of subordinates in public place, as in cases of private employment, that their money be paid to those who will render the best service in return, and that the appointment to, and tenure of, such places should depend upon ability and merit. Heretofore clerks could come and go as they pleased, without any regard to the value of their services, and in many offices duties were wholly neglected or performed in the most slipshod manner. Orders have been issued by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General requiring full time of their employees in order to catch up with work left behind by their predecessors, and it is thought that the same course will be found necessary in the other departments. An instance of the carelessness, hardly more than criminal, which has so long prevailed in Government offices, is related that money-orders, aggregating thousands of dollars and over two years old, which have never been through the auditing clerk's hands in the Post-Office Department, were found hidden away in the pigeon hole of a desk. Mr. "Frank" Hutton was too busy with politics to look after such things, and Colonel Vilas has a theory of no little magnitude to make up for the deficiencies of his predecessor. The Republican journals have been asking repeatedly in a sneering manner about the frauds which were said to be uncovered by the new administration, came into power. Let them have a little patience, they will be reached in due time. When accounts have been muddled in such a hopeless manner as those handed to the present President, it takes some time to straighten them out. The administration is scarcely six weeks old and the strata of fraud lie very deep beneath the surface. They will be reached, however, and our friends will then leave off sneering and take the holes yet to be examined and books to be posted. The President and his lieutenants will make up for the time lost by those who regarded public business as a cloak for partisan work, and left the Government offices cluttered with neglected accounts.—Washington Post.

THE "MISTAKES" OF THE PARTY.

Republican Politicians Satisfied That a Wise Head and Firm Hand Control Affairs.

The Republican managers expected to have organized their new party for the campaign of 1888. They felt confident that Mr. Cleveland would wreck the Democratic party at once, for had not one of Mr. Blaine's loudest organs, the New York Sun, pointed out how incompetent the Democratic standard-bearer was? how unfit he would be to conduct the business of the Government? The issue would be a very simple one: should the Republicans make mistakes of the Democracy, nothing more, nothing less. But as yet the Republican managers have not launched forth. On the other hand, they have kept remarkably quiet. For President Cleveland is making such an admirable Executive that even the opposition can not find a flaw that will afford capital for campaign purposes. True, some of the Republican papers find fault with the President, but so do grounds are their charges to make them absurd from the start. President Cleveland entered upon the work of reform the day after he was inducted into office. He did not make a cleavage of the Republic, but he instituted a rigid examination, and from day to day since the 4th of March resignations have been called for, and good men appointed in the place of incompetent ones, passed up the list of all intelligent and honest men is that a wise head and firm hand guide the affairs of the Republic. So long as good men applaud the Democracy and thieves complain, the Republican party must keep in the background. The loss to the political thieves by the change in the Administration is enormous, and well may the Dorseys and the Morgans cry against fate. But the more they howl, the better satisfied will the people be. The outlook is indeed gloomy for Everts and the Republican machine.—Richmond (Va.) States.

SHERMAN'S VIEWS.

John Sherman's Idea of Breaking Down the Elective Franchise.

Hon. John Sherman has recently been showing unusual activity in ventilating his views. He has availed himself of several opportunities to let the country have the advantage of his opinion on matters of public interest. Among other things, he has given his opinion of the "crime of breaking down the elective franchise and robbing the people of their right of government." Of course, Senator Sherman is reproaching an offense which he classed among the most heinous, as he did in his recent Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce speech, meant to convey the idea that the Democratic party is guilty of the crime of political iniquity. It is not in the least probable that he is condemned in such strong language the crime of breaking down the elective franchise, that he had reference to the proceedings of the Democracy, which by whose violent and unlawful interference the franchise of the people of Cincinnati was broken down and the result of the election perverted to the interest of the Republican party. He could not have had that in his mind when his virtuous indignation was aroused by the contemplation of political misdemeanors. Nor is it likely that his condemnation of the crime of robbing the people of their right to govern themselves was intended to include the stealing of the Presidency from the man whom the people elected in 1876, in which crime Senator Sherman was a prominent participant.—Harrisburg Patriot.

STYLES FOR GENTLEMEN.

Novelties in Neckwear, Hose, Gloves and Handkerchiefs—Suspenders With Diamond Buckles—A Remarkable Outfit for a Chicagoan.

"Plaid are all the rage now in gentlemen's neckwear," said a dealer in men's furnishings. "The tendency of the day, too, is toward an increase of color. Everything nearly, except for full-dress evening toilets, is brightened. The plaids are broken, similar to those seen in ladies' dress fabrics, and in spring, and in pin-and-checks. The styles are the fashion in hand, which has been popular for some time, the 'Gordon knot,' which is a similar design, partial plaids, and small flats. 'Dude bows' are used exclusively for evening wear, and all come in tints, white being now excluded in neckties as well as in gloves. This is the style," and displayed a truly charming small, flat bow of pale heliotrope pink and blue, with tiny polka spots of deeper color. "Are turn-down collars still considered stylish?" "Certainly, although there is a disposition, transient, of course, and bound to disappear with warm weather, to affect very high standing ones. The extreme style can not be becoming to any man, small in size or large; it is a matter of no man looks well who wears a high collar. To receive its support from an expanse of stiff, board-like linen, that completely conceals even a suspicion of his neck from the rest of the world. It may be illustrated by a superb triumph of modesty and a rebuke to the feminine decollete bodice, but it is far from enchanting. The highest collar we sell is two and a half inches wide, the narrowest three-fourths of an inch.

"Do half-hose still come in fancy designs?" "Oh, no, that's all out. They are all in plain colors this season and nearly all grown up, and some of the boys, Lisle thread is the standard, of course."

"How about the full-dress shirt?" "That has the bosom made in small plaits, twenty-one being considered the requisite number. It is open in front, and is made of fine, smooth, white cloth, worn in it. Pearls are just now in favor, especially with ultra expensives who profess an extra amount of refined perception and sentimentality."

"What is the regulation glove?" "What is the regulation glove? Those for the street are stitched up the back and of a deep red tan, while those for evening wear have plain backs and are of a golden tan. No one wears white gloves now but waiters and butlers."

"Are silk handkerchiefs in vogue?" "Not to any extent except pure white, with a monogram in one corner, or the pin-head check in black and white. The better handkerchiefs, with colored borders, now show only a mere line of color. The hem-stitched white is no longer carried. The most fashionable handkerchief for gentlemen now is a twenty-four-inch square simply hemmed. There is a new thing for a present."

"Here's a mighty nice thing for a present," continued the gentleman, taking down a box containing a pair of satin suspenders, embroidered with most gorgeous designs, and having gold-plated buckles. "Now, these suspenders are lined throughout with k.d. Notice how beautifully they are bound. They are just the thing for a birthday present, or for a young fellow who is going to get married. He will be sure to like them. They are only \$4 a pair. Fine suspenders run from \$3 a pair to \$15 or \$20, or where jewels are mixed in solid gold, they may be got up to be worth more than the price of a fine farm."

"Speaking of weddings," he added, "I furnished the outfit not long since for a gentleman who married a Chicago girl the day after yesterday. He was a fine fellow, and I'd better state at once that I can tell you. He had several suits of spun-silk underwear, none of which cost less than \$25. They were all in the natural color. His hose were decorated with things of beauty and joy, and it'd seem almost too bad to think of holes being made in them by horny toes and corns. His handkerchiefs were twenty-six inches square, with a monogram in one corner of each, and worth \$3.50 apiece. With the exception of his wedding suspenders, which were of the accepted nuptial tint—pure white—they were all of satin, and embroidered. His night robes were of silk, part being embroidered with polka spots, some of pale blue, others of gold and various hues, and furnished with silk cord and tassels. They were made with ruffles and cuffs, and were very handsome. The exclusive wedding garment was, however, of the same original color as the suspenders, and most lavishly trimmed. It was a very beautiful wedding-dress, no doubt," hazarded the reporter, gently.

"Not so very—somewhere between forty-five and fifty." "Oh, howling girl about eighteen or nineteen years old. I chanced to have an opportunity to see her wedding-night-robe, too. It was a most beautiful creation of Canton crepe, a mass of embroidery from the neck to the floor. I tell you, there were lots of magnificent trappings to set off that marriage."—Chicago News.

SPRING.

How a Love-Lorn Youth Was Affected by the Vernal Season, and Also Its Effect Upon His Lady-Love.

The handsome young lady and the awkward man of pretended sentiment sat on a moss-covered bank. All day he had annoyed her with his attentions.

"Miss Mabel, do you not like poetry?" "Yes."

"I worship it. I live on it. See the pick-nickers, out there. They shout and sing as though the air itself were not full of sentiment—of soul-breathings."

"What business are you engaged in?" she asked. She knew, but wanted to hear him say.

"My business is perhaps more lucrative than congenial. I operate a bone mill."

"What?"

"Yes, I grind up bones. The pulverizer is used upon the land. It makes the flowers brighter, the corn more luxuriant. Miss Mabel, you remind me of spring."

"Why?"

"You are so gentle."

"You remind me of spring," she said.

"I do!" he leaned forward to catch her words.

"Yes, you are so green."—Arkansas Traveler.

PITH AND POINT.

The reason why some papers die is that they have been unable to keep up their circulation.—Boston Post.

—Every man knows exactly what is best for his neighbor, although he is the greatest stranger of his own necessities.—Whitell Times.

"Father—I never imagined that your studies would cost me so much money." Student—"Yes, and I don't study much, either."—Fitzgerald Blatter.

—All wind: "This truth is clear as snow." "Perhaps you may have noticed it." "They're empty when they blow."—Washington Herald.

—As a general rule the first symptom of insanity in a woman is a disposition to be silent. Insanity in women is comparatively rare, however.—Philadelphia Call.

"Did you break your father's will?" "Yes." "I suppose, then, you are quite rich now?" "No; poorer than ever before." "How is that?" "You see, I broke the will, but the lawyers broke me."—Puck.

"Why should a red cow give white milk?" was the subject for discussion in an Arkansas literary society. After an hour's earnest debate the Secretary was instructed to make the cow and bring in a decision according to the merits of the milk. It was blue.

—It is odd circumstance that catches the man on the hip. We generally know how far we can go in a circumstance without an odd, case we know that we are not to be taken in. Some of the old-fashioned men, nor rascal wild or bow-legged person.—Arkansas Traveler.

—Scientists tell us that there will not be a total eclipse of the sun until 1999. This is a very discouraging state of affairs, for some persons may be unwilling to wait so long to see the phenomenon; but if we continue to get three meals a day, and the peach-crop doesn't fail oftener than once a year, and that in January, we should try to worry along until a total eclipse of the sun.—Norristown Herald.

—At a ball at Folkestone the other day, a yeoman warrior, well known in the saddle, replied to his partner's inquiry as to the hour, "Weally, my dear, I've forgot to look out to get me all work forgot to close my eyes last night."—English Paper.

—Storekeeper—"I am getting tired of this delay, and want you to square up your accounts or I will—Customer—"Do you mean to say you want me to pay for taking money I love you?" "Certainly. What else should I want?" "Now, look here; only a month ago your book-keeper ran off with every cent you had in your store, didn't he?" "Yes, but—Well, now, as a friend I advise you to leave my money with me, where it will be safe."—Philadelphia Call.

A COOL CUSTOMER.

How a Denver Man Faced the Inevitable on a Sublimation.

"Ah! yes," rejoined the doctor, "the certainly was the coolest man I ever saw on a death bed on an ocean steamer. The second night out from New York I was called to his cabin. He lay in his berth, this tall gaunt Westerner, looking already like a corpse. As I went in he said cheerily, 'Doctor, it looks like I'd made a mistake. I reckon I ought not to have come to sea just now, but I did kinder think my strength would hold out to get me to Italy, and there I might get round again.' I knelt down by his side and carefully examined him. I told him that had he asked my advice before, I should certainly have forbidden him to undertake the voyage. He smiled feebly and said, 'I knew ye would, and that's the reason I didn't ask ye. Wit'n' I made that up between us, didn't we, wife? though I reckon you'd say I'd better stay at home. Death had already set its mark on the man's brow. I told him as gently as I could that I feared the worst, but that he might succeed in weathering the voyage, which was a rough one. He interrupted me, saying, 'That's all right, Doctor. Don't you worry none about me. If I die, just you have 'em chuck me overboard, and don't make no effort to get me to shore. I ain't afraid of it, now a bit, and my wife's prepared to see me.'"

"His wife, seated on the cabin sofa, buried her face in her hands a moment, but when she looked up again it was placid. As I went out, he repeated: 'Now, what I tell ye, Doctor, is, just let 'em dump me right into the water. What difference does it make where a man's buried?' He died three days after this, and was, of course, buried at sea. Two days after his burial his widow gave birth to a child. My heart went out to this desolate widow, about to be landed on a foreign shore with a new born babe in her arms. 'Madam, I said, 'your admirable courage is more than enough to awaken any one's warmest sympathies. Can we not assist you in some manner?' What do you think she answered? She said: 'Doctor, don't mind me. I've seen a heap of trouble, and I'm used to it. The last child I bore, before this one, I was in a flat-boat floating down the Upper Missouri river. The Indians were first at us from both sides of the stream, and my husband was fighting 'em from the boat. We've seen powerful hard times, but I don't feel broke up yet. Thank God, I've got money enough to keep me going a while, and I reckon I'll have to stay in England some, so's to let this little one get big enough to go back again. She and her babe arrived safely in port, and I never saw them more.'—Brooklyn Eagle.

Corn.

Corn is a plant that is exceedingly amenable to culture. A farmer may very easily improve his seed corn by a little care in selection and some in cultivation. The great loss in growing corn is in the production of barren stalks, male plants, which yield no fruit. The ear is the fruit and is produced only by perfect plants which are bisexual or true female both, one as male and the other as female, staminate and pistillate. A stalk with a tassel only and no ear is barren and fruitless. Such stalks by impregnating the perfect plants propagate their kind, and so tend to reduce the yield of the crop. This is to be prevented by growing or breeding seed from perfect plants only and by removing every stalk which has no tassel from the neighborhood of the seed plants. By persistence in this mode of breeding corn has been improved from a yield of forty bushels up to eighty or even 150 bushels per acre. A seed plot should be cultivated on every farm for this purpose.—N. Y. Times.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

WHAT WE CALL THE BABY.

What do we call the baby? Well, sometimes we call him the laughing, bawling, darling. Comes sturdy in to me With a crust of shouting and kisses From red lips merry and arch. And a riotous burst of blarney. Why then we call him—March!

But when in the midst of a frolic, At the mood of some passing whim, Tapering and sweet as a pulvis, The brave brown eyes grow dim, And a sudden rain of passion Sweeps over the sunny face, We call the baby—April!

For his perturbation, blinding grace. Then as he wakes, and rises, Flushed from his slumber deep, The swift breath being and precious, With the sweet creased ruse of sleep, When the glow and the bloom of morning Meet in his glance at play, Like the dawn of an infinite promise, We call the baby—May!

But when the evening closes, And the moonlight is soft and low, The languor of rest approaching, On the beautiful drowsy face, Because he is sweet and earnest, With all exquisite things in tune, Because he is sweet and earnest, We call the baby—June.

And if you should ask the household Under what name they sing, Hailing him chief and king, They laugh at the foolish question, And answer with one voice, "He is the baby who called the baby, They loved him just the same."—Wide Awake.

A WORD TO BOYS.

Good Character the Result of the Copulations of Many Virtues.

A good, worthy character is not made by the practice of any one virtue, boys, but by the combination of many good traits. So the boy who aims at some day becoming a true, noble man (and I hope that is what every boy wants) of my young readers, so many temptations, open to boys, so many paths of evil into which they may walk, that it requires a constant watchfulness and care lest some habit will be acquired that will ruin what might otherwise be a good character. I once heard a man say in speaking of a boy: "That boy has one fault, and that is, he is too good. He is industrious, pleasant, kind-hearted, but he is untruthful. He will tell a falsehood any time to shield himself."

There are many boys who will do this. After they have disobeyed parents or teachers, and been punished, they are assigned to them they try to cover their actions with a falsehood. I can not summon language strong enough, boys, to tell you how bad this is. When a boy's conscience is bothered, he should be able to engage in wrong doing and then cover it up by falsifying, there should be a danger signal placed ahead to show him where he is tending. If he finds that he can hide one sin by lying, he will almost surely find some way to cover others with the thought of concealing them in the same way. And thus he will gradually harden his conscience until his whole character will become ruined through the influence of this one great fault.

It is much better, boys, to confess to the truth when you have done wrong! There is something so honorable and brave in a boy who will face punishment, than in a boy who will try to cover up his sins with a falsehood. Only think how the world has admired and commended the truthfulness of George Washington when a boy. He would endure punishment at any time sooner than tell a falsehood. Among other incidents illustrating his strong regard for the truth his biographer gives the following: His mother owned a beautiful pair of spirited carriage horses, of which she was very fond. Although accustomed to the use of the harness they had never been broken to the saddle. One day while they were grazing on the lawn some grown-up boys, in a spirit of frolic, attempted to mount one of the horses. Some could succeed until George, who was thirteen years old, approached the horse, and gaining an opportunity while he creased him, leaped upon the animal's back. The horse was terrified, and in its fright, reared and fell, throwing the boy down almost instantly.

There was no attempt on George's part to conceal his actions. He went directly to his mother and told her all. Her reply was, "My son, I forgive you because you have had the courage to tell me the truth at once. Had you skulked away I should have despised you."

What a charming, kind, polite manner gives a boy! The act of few boys who seem to realize the beauty that it adds to one's character to possess a courteous, pleasant spirit! I do not mean a politeness that is practised with strangers, but a politeness that is very real, the outgrowth of a kind consideration for the feelings of others—an every-day at-home politeness, that makes a character loved and admired by all. I am very sorry to say, but I know that many boys seem to have saved up their gruff, impolite, unkind ways for their home. Father, mother, brothers and sisters are often made unhappy by their rude, unkind speeches, and by their selfish impolite manners. When a boy goes to anything, they growl and fret; they are cross and snappish to the younger children, and are rebellious to the wishes and judgment of their parents. It is not surprising, therefore, that his greatest enemy to his own happiness in life. And he not only makes himself unhappy, but he mars the happiness of those with whom he may live.

I would urge boys to cultivate a pleasant, kind spirit. To be courteous in their manners. It costs but little to do this. Little words and acts are simple in themselves, yet what a power for happiness they hold when spoken and done in kindness.

I have sometimes heard persons say something like this: "What is the use in talking with a boy about his character? It is just time thrown away. Boys will be boys, idle, thoughtless, careless, with no thought for anything save gratifying their love of fun."

Now, I do not believe this is always true. Of course there are just such boys. But then again there are boys who, though they are young, are so good, that they are almost a joy to those who know them. Now let us turn to you boys, in planning on your future, to set your mark high, and by combining industry with true and just principles, the chances are you will win the goal.

It is no wonder that so many of our great and noble minded men were once country boys. Country life, with its freedom from the vices and temptations of the city, with its time for study and thought, with the good influence of nature's pure surroundings, is better calculated to make strong, noble characters than